

The Saturday Evening Post

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 18, 1838.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SUICIDE.

Oh! what is that the world calls fame?
And what the phantom glory?
Why paint the vanity for a name,
To live forever in story?

Methinks he climbs the steep,
The precipice unheeding;
He gains the height—it is to weep;
He under his heart is bleeding.

But late the strain of pleasure rose,
His reason abated gladness;
His heart never'st pal'd nor repose:
To stop hastening o'er with sadness.

You, false ambition! 'twas thy share,
On thy assured altar,
Dared the Omnipotent brave,
With deed that bids us flatter.

On, on of poverty! rejoice,
Thy bosom who'ld with sorrow;
Though care to thine this day, the voice
Of hope shall cheer the marrow.

Though lost thy harque, though in distress
Then rid'st the angry billow,
Rejoice! rejoice! thou dost not press
The suicide's cold pillow.

The subsequent article comes to us from the *Countess* of the amiable fair-one to whom it is addressed, and we "have too long loved pretty woman with a poet's feeling," to have it in our hearts to interpose any barrier between the gallant and accomplished "Wilfred," and the object of his regard. Without this qualification, however, we shall feel ourselves at liberty to reject all such personal addresses as "tell of love;" because we might, unintentionally, give offence in this way. And

Phage on the Pop., whose evergreening brain,
Gives to a girl of worth a moment's pain.]

TO MARY—IN THE EAST.

There was a time when I did love
To watch the day's departing beam;
To see its golden shafts above,
Fade gently—like a blessed dream.

And once I lov'd the sky to view,
Gazing with the twinkling stars of night—
And night's fair orb, of silver hue,
Spread herpellent light.

And once I lov'd to touch the glade,
And pluck each ruddy blossoming flower;
And once, beneath you sun's dark shade,
Delighted, spent the noon-day hour.

But then thy own lov'd form was there,
And why should I each object mark?
Oh! with thee, all was radiant, fair—
Without thee, all is gloomy, dark!

WILFRED.

Mrs. M. M. who sent the author Tupp's Poem, commencing

"I fain would know if she who lately fled
Far from this dream of fond reality,

" * * * in retrospective glance,
Returns not fondly to the scenes well known,
And quits his haven while to enjoy the pleasing transe."

Oh! the who from this changing world hath fled,
Was pure and holy, like the light that glows
About the still and melancholy bed
Of death which, with unclouded ray, beams

Upon life and immortality:

Oh! she was chaste and lovely as you star,
That glimmers, positive mildness, far

Above earth's orbit, up th' empyrean sky;

And, as you lonely star of chastest rays,
At morn's effulgence, molds in deeper glory,

So she was lovely, even in death's embrace,
Who died from earth, but lives a halo'd story.

And oft, methinks, when "stilly night"

Locks all, save me, in dreams of bliss,
From realms of pure, ethereal light,

She hovers o'er a world like this,
To wing my soul away to heaven;

To stanch the bleeding of that heart,
Which sorrow's dart hath keenly riven;

To bring from heaven that "better part,"
Which I had once forgotten here,

For angel's sight, and sorrow's tear!

And oft the whispers to my heart,

When grief abhors o'er my sense stole,

"Then from my sorrows moon shall part,
And on the wings of blist' thy soul

Rise to regions of perennial day;

The cypress o'er thy grish shall wave,
And thou, in peace, forgotten lay

Within thy bridal bed—the grave!"

WILFRED.

IMPROPTU—On reading Pope's Works.

Hail, sacred band! of strength of thought poem'd—
With fire beyond the strength of Phœbus' blend;

For, might I speak my thought, not Homer's pen
Painted so strong—arms, vice, virtue, men.

J. R.

[SELECTED.]

On visiting the Infant School, at Walthamstow.

BY A MARY.

Hast thou not seen the fairest bed, dreary,
Canker'd at heart by some insidious worm?
Ere its young leaves could open to the day,
The evil enter'd its soft infant form;

Oh! had that bad been watched with tender care,
It now had shed its fragrance through the air.

This growing peach, sick with autumnal die,
Had never swelled so large, and grown so fair,
Nor that ingrew beneath a master's eye,
Whom watch'd its infant state with anxious care;

Who ev'ryone, ere they could snuff out, all that swarm
Of insect foes, that sought its youth to harm.

And shall the human bloomers of that place,
Frangt with immortal remorse—gift divine—
Shall it be kind of friendly culture wane?

Shall it be human unwholesome midday pine?
Oh! shall ten thousand pinions, each a worm,
Burst innocent man's softest infant green?

Fair is Heaven!—sweet buds of human flowers,
A thousand hands are stretched to guard, to save,
Your infant miles from first scorpion's power;

From scenes of hellish destruction round you rear,
Gazing on infant to that snuffed out,

Where beauty and peace benign should dwell.

She's their noble purpose—bliss be these

Who have received a mission from above,
Like William, to protect the weak, poor,

And wounded by the hosts of holy love;

Or like William, to the ends of the earth,

With every virtue, with every power,

With every grace, with every power,

With every gift, with every power,

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survive, but continue to advance. He will demand a second and a third time, and then he will die; he will make you—*you* will kill him, and it will be there to support you. The general's last impulse is the spirit of the music, and all succeeded as had been foreseen.

When Chevalier was in Egypt, he remained during five hours, with only two thousand men, the united efforts of twenty thousand. He was nearly surrounded, was wounded, and had only a narrow dash by which to escape in this extremity. He called to him a *sief de bataillon*, named Chevardin, for whom he had a particular regard.—“Take (said he to him) a company of grenadiers; stop the enemy at the ravine, you will be killed, but you will save your comrades.”—“Yes, my General,” replied Chevardin. He gave his watch and his pocket-book to his servant, excused the order, and his death, in fact, arrested the enemy and saved the French. There is something grand in the judgment of Kieber on the character of Chevardin; and on the side of Chevardin, what a capacity for self-devotion! What ascendancy in the one, what submission in the other! It is the heroism of Leonidas that dared to command, and the devotion of Decius produced by a simple word of confidence.

The Inv.—To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequences when, after a day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself, before an open fire. Let the world without go as it may—let the kingdom rise or fall—so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm chair is his throne—the poker his sceptre—and the little parlor of some twelve feet square, his undivided empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day.—*Washington Irving.*

“WHO IS SHE?”

“She stand in fairy mood,
So wistfully attuned.”

Imagine us, gentle reader, sitting cross-legged in our study, wittily biting our nails, and eagerly ransacking the recesses of thought, for the purpose of furnishing something for thy gratification, when lo! before us stood a fantastic vision, whose ludicrous dress and air, beggared our powers of description; her brows were twined with sprigs of the green bays of literature, which had been torn (oh, sacrilege!) from the mighty dead, surmounted by all the fooleries and fripperies of fashion; her waist was zoned with a substantial meridian, and her bosom heaved with breathless impatience, whilst with all the effrontery of presumptuous confidence, she thus broke silence, and roused us from our reverie:

“I am THE MUSE OF THE AGE!—listen to my counsels, and be wise. I am the presiding deity of an age, whose knowledge consists precisely in what is picked up from the conversation of others—which is bounded by what others say and do—and is, withal, much more actively employed in every other person's business, than their own. But, commonly, these knowing ones make no other use of what they discover, than to retail it again, for the purpose of finding out something more; I, however, their ruling genius, will differ from them, and tell you plainly what I have heard concerning your Journal, hoping, at the same time, that it may prove beneficial, both to you and your paper. The common complaint is, that you do not excite laughter enough—that you are altogether too sober—too serious. You have mistaken the taste of the day, which is for something more acerbic—something of the syllabic description, that goes down without swallowing, and sits lightly upon his stomach. This should be the “head and front” of *Literary refinement*—the genuine *mental refinement*; and as it appears particularly amongst the young gentlemen and ladies, it has struck me, that such a promising taste, in the rising generation, should not be suffered to starve for want of food, and, especially, when this food is so plenty: for, our sedate and leaden-pated fathers afforded it but a poor market in their days, and left it to amass for the gratification and delight of their more squeamish posterity.

“Now, let me candidly tell you, that your literary *melange* is but meagerly furnished, for such an appetite. You are at least a generation too old-fashioned. That grave, solid, still old way of our patriotic, but unlettered ancestry, might have suited their minds, that needed to be helped in every step of literature and science; but its day is past. There is no need now of telling facts: for every body knows them. Do you suppose that our elderly people have spent their lives so unprofitably, as to be now capable of being instructed by your “moralist”?—and do you not know that young people of the present day are born with as much knowledge as formerly required a life to obtain? All that is now required is, something that will call for no labour of thought; in a word, something to make listening people laugh. Away then with your “moralist,” and send a hint to your agricultural correspondents, and all those who write about peace and religion, and every thing which relates to the best interests of man, to put up their pens—the taste of the present age does not require their exercise—call into existence a new race of writers, and induce them to pour into your cornucopia, those evergreens of literature and fancy, which bloom so luxuriantly in their hands—foster, and bring forth to full blare those

“Gems of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.”
And go thou, and purchase the Edinburgh Budget, and the last edition of Joe Miller, and encourage all the pansters and Irish bulls in the country. With good selections from these copious sources, you may be sure of preparing for your weekly Post, a hearty reception.

“I have been much surprised myself at the truly wonderful advancement which the human mind has lately made in native strength and genius. It really seems, now-a-days, that children begin precisely where their fathers leave off. It used to be common for children first to learn to spell; but, at present, it is not uncommon to meet with young people who have gone even off to the highest places—your colleges without even having applied themselves to this once only occasion, to the paradise of literature and science.

“One contrast they disclose, and in costume, As one might bound high overtop all bound of hill or forest land, and sheep within. Light of three fold.”

Formerly, men spent their lives in study, and even at the end, thought they knew but little; but lately, a young man of twenty, seems to have travelled the whole round of arts and sciences, and to be master of them all. He can converse fluently upon almost any work you can mention—provided the dull, philosophical parts are not considered; and for the attainment of all this knowledge, he requires no more than the reading of the table of contents, and a glance at the heads of chapters, together with a reference to some dictionary of arts and sciences.

Formerly, the use of reading was to furnish help to thought and practice; but now, it is chiefly employed to help one talk; and as this object can be accomplished without much study, few books are honoured with a thorough perusal except novels. In these, the winding of the tale, and the variety of incident, together with the numerous *dramatis persona*, do not admit of its being epitomized in a table of contents; and besides, these are interesting works—they have as much of love and fiction in them, and are, moreover, “so romantic,” and draw so little upon the mind or conscience, that they deserve to be read. Their lessons of morality and religion are taught so gently, that one may receive them without even knowing it; and then they operate so mildly—without any of your calls upon conscience, or care about death and eternity, as if any thing more were requisite for this virtuous age, over which it is my province to rule, than only a gentle hint about the deformity of vice, and the beauty of virtue.”

She ceased.—Avant! thou monster, we exclaimed, begotten of many fathers! born upon the ever-varying tide of popular caprice, thy mother was Affection, and thou art allied to Ignorance, Presumption and Folly. Thou wast cradled upon the lap of Indolence, and thy childhood and youth were beguiled by the siren songs of Pleasure. Thou hast strayed in amorous groves of luxurious licentiousness; but the Lyceum groves have never been polluted by thy unshamed tread. Virtue flies thy approach; and Chastity, offended, seeks security in the impenetrable cloisters of her sanctuary!

“Tis ours to stem the torrent of popular declination, and to correct rather than gratify a false taste—to hold up the mirror to Virtue, that all may perceive her loveliness and embrace her precepts—to body forth Vice in all its odiousness, to be seen and hated of all. Whilst we disclaim all design of making our publication subservient to the views of any party or sect in religion or politics, yet we shall never refuse to lend its aid to the candid and liberal discussion of any useful or instructive subject. “THE MORALIST” has become domiciled with us—and palmed by that hand, which would disturb his peaceful habitation; and we are particularly grateful to those of our correspondents who have exerted themselves to enlighten our farmers, and put them upon experiments that may strike out some new furrow in agriculture. In regard to “a new race of writers,” we know of no way to make Wit ebb and flow with uniformity—Genius *didus* to be regulated by an almanack; and the Fancy will not, with impunity, be arrested in her aerial excursions, or quicken her pace at the call of a time-serving printer. The Critic can resume his pen only with advantage to his readers when his (sometimes capricious) judgment is matured; and as it appears particularly amongst the young gentlemen and ladies, it has struck me, that such a promising taste, in the rising generation, should not be suffered to starve for want of food, and, especially, when this food is so plenty: for, our sedate and leaden-pated fathers afforded it but a poor market in their days, and left it to amass for the gratification and delight of their more squeamish posterity.

“At the meeting of the British and foreign School Society, on Monday Mr. F. Buxton told the following curious anecdote:—It had been his misfortune when very young to live with a gentleman, who had prejudices against the improvement of the poor were numerous and inveterate. There were, in that gentleman's opinion, three great causes of the demoralization of the poor—reading, writing, and arithmetic—(laughter)—and whenever a quarrel took place in his neighbourhood, he was in the habit of saying “That is the effect of education.” If a thief or a murder were committed, “There,” he would say, “is another test of the bad effect of education.” In speaking of his own steward, this hater of improvement would say, “That man, to his credit be it spoken, is not able to read a word, or to write a figure; and yet he is, perhaps, the best accountant in the country.” It was natural to inquire by what process of memory the steward kept his accounts. This was shown. A drawer was produced: in one compartment there was a parcel of beans; in another a parcel of peas, and in the remaining divisions, of grain. These were the symbols of various debts and payments, which, with the aid of a strong memory, the steward kept with great exactness, until one night a rat broke into his account box, and down went the account of what was due from various tenants, and all was thrown into the wildest confusion and doubt (loud laughter). From that moment he (Mr. Buxton) had been a convert to the superiority of written or printed symbols.

LA FAYETTE.—Mr. Persico, an accomplished artist of this city, (says the editor of the New-York Statesman) has just completed in clay a colossal bust of *General La Fayette*. Gentlemen who have seen the original pronounce it to be an admirable likeness. We can only hear testimony to the excellence of the workmanship. The countenance is strongly marked, and extremely interesting. Mr. Persico intends soon to finish the cast in plaster; but would be happy to have commissioners in the arts call at his rooms, No. 19 Murray street, N. Y. to examine the bust, and suggest any alterations.

LA FAYETTE was dear to the Maryland statesmen and soldiers of 1776 and 1784; in proof of which, among other evidences, is one extending to him the right of citizenship. They breathe the warm and strong feelings of those who knew him well—They speak a language to which the heart of every American we hope, and doubt not, responds at this time, in cheerful and hearty accordance.

An Act to Naturalize Major General the Marquis de Lafayette, and his Heirs Male, forever. [Passed May 22, 1784.]

Witness the General Assembly of Maryland, anxious to perpetuate a name dear to the State, and to recognize the Marquis de Lafayette as one of its citizens, who, at the age of nineteen, left his native country, and risked his life in the late Revolution; who, on his joining the American army, after being appointed by Congress to the rank of Major General, disinterestedly refused the usual rewards of command, and sought only to deserve, what he attained, the character of patriot and soldier; who, when appointed to conduct an incursion into Canada, called forth, by his prudence and extraordinary discretion, the approbation of Congress; who, at the head of an army in Virginia, baffled the maneuvers of a distinguished General, and excited the admiration of the oldest commanders; who early attracted the notice and obtained the friendship of the illustrious General Washington; and who labored and succeeded in raising the honor and the name of the United States of America—Therefore,

2. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the marquis de Lafayette, and his heirs male, forever, shall be, and they, and each of them, are hereby deemed, adjudged, and taken to be, natural born citizens of this State, and shall henceforth be entitled to all the immunities, rights, and privileges of natural born citizens thereof, they and every of them conforming to the constitution and laws of this state, in the enjoyment and exercise of such immunities, rights, and privileges.

[There was a similar act passed by the Legislature of Virginia, and perhaps, also, by other States.]

Letter from Doctor Franklin to the Marquis La Fayette, (with the sword ordered by Congress.)

PASSE, 26th August, 1779.

—Sir: The Congress, sensible of your merit towards the United States, but unable adequately to reward it, determined to present you with a sword, as a small mark of their grateful acknowledgment. They directed it to be encrusted with suitable devices. Some of the principal actions of the war, in which you distinguished yourself by your bravery and conduct, are, therefore, represented upon it. Thus, with a few emblematic figures, all ob-

viously well executed, make its principal value. By the help of the exquisite artist France affords, I find it easy to express every thing but the power which previous to the present, it's owing to the loss of your sword and our obligation to you. For this figure, and even words, are found insufficient.

I therefore only add, that, with the most profound esteem and respect, I have the honor to be, your obedient servant, B. FRANKLIN.

P. S.—My grandson goes to Havre with the sword, and will have the honor of presenting it to you...

A letter from a gentleman of Petersburg, (Va.) now in France, dated Havre, June 14, 1824, says,

“Almost the last hour I spent in Paris, was in company with the venerable La Fayette—although 67 years old, he has preserved to that advanced age that vigor of mind and body which we do not always find in those that are much younger. He is very plain in his manner—speaks English fluently. The first time I saw the distinguished voluntary of '79, was in company with the celebrated Gen. Fury and about fifteen or twenty Americans. The General, seeing such a number of us together, all for the same object, said to Gen. La Fayette—“Your children (pointing to us,) are the most affectionate in the world.” The old veteran rose from his seat, with tears trembling in his eyes, and taking us all affectionately by the hands, said, “Indeed you are my children.” His doors are ever open to the Americans, and there are very few who visit France without seeing him.

—While on my last visit with Mr. Barnet, the American Consul, Capt. Macy, of the fine new ship Stephanie, one of the line of packetts between Havre and New York, called to ask the General if he would accept of his cabin, and do him the honor to take a passage with him to the United States. This is the fifth or sixth application of the kind he has received since it has been known that he had declined the provision made by Congress for conveying him to the United States.”

The following resolutions were adopted by the Select and Common Councils of this city, providing for the reception of this illustrious man—a copy of them has been forwarded to him by the Mayor.

Resolved, by the Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia, That they cordially unite in the sentiments of respect and attachment which actuated the Representatives of the nation, when they invited to our shores the great and gallant LA FAYETTE.

Resolved, That it peculiarly becomes the city where that declaration was formed, which gave freedom to the new world, to receive with affection, and with honour the brave man whose devotion to liberty, and whose gallantry as a soldier so greatly contributed to the acquisition of that blessing.

Resolved, That the presence of General La Fayette, in the city of Philadelphia, is ardently desired. That the Chief Magistrate of the City be requested to communicate to him this fervent wish of our citizens, and to invite him to become their guest.

Resolved, That a Committee of the Councils of the city he appointed to prepare for his reception, and to welcome, and while he resides among us, to entertain, in a manner suiting a great nation, and illustrious man, this Companion of Washington, and Friend of America.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

(From late English papers, received at New-York.)

At the meeting of the British and foreign School Society, on Monday Mr. F. Buxton told the following curious anecdote:—It had been his misfortune when very young to live with a gentleman, who had prejudices against the improvement of the poor were numerous and inveterate. There were, in that gentleman's opinion, three great causes of the demoralization of the poor—reading, writing, and arithmetic—(laughter)—and whenever a quarrel took place in his neighbourhood, he was in the habit of saying “That is the effect of education.” If a thief or a murderer were committed, “There,” he would say, “is another test of the bad effect of education.” In speaking of his own steward, this hater of improvement would say, “That man, to his credit be it spoken, is not able to read a word, or to write a figure; and yet he is, perhaps, the best accountant in the country.” It was natural to inquire by what process of memory the steward kept his accounts. This was shown. A drawer was produced: in one compartment there was a parcel of beans; in another a parcel of peas, and in the remaining divisions, of grain. These were the symbols of various debts and payments, which, with the aid of a strong memory, the steward kept with great exactness, until one night a rat broke into his account box, and down went the account of what was due from various tenants, and all was thrown into the wildest confusion and doubt (loud laughter). From that moment he (Mr. Buxton) had been a convert to the superiority of written or printed symbols.

It was stated some time ago, in the newspapers, that Mr. Macready was about to quit the stock and buskin for the church; but if the following paragraph from the York Herald be true, it would appear that he has chosen the bar—“Granny Inn, Harrogate.—We understand that the purchaser of this well established and excellent inn, which was lately advertised for sale in the York Herald, is no other than the celebrated Mr. Macready, of theatrical notoriety.”

The Valorus frigate has arrived in England from Mexico, with \$800,000 specie, and an ambassador from the Mexican Government.

A loan for one million, sterling, to the Buenos Ayres Government, was negotiating.

Extract of a letter dated Agosto, 1824.

“There is nothing new here, except for the Slave Trade is carried on as large a scale as before the prohibition—seventeen sail to be fitted out within the last month. Otherwise they land their cargoes on the coast, or in enter in ballast, hailing from St. Lucia, St. Thomas, &c.

Rumor of a letter, dated Agosto, 1824.

“There are no doubt aware that the Minister have to windward, an English schooner, recently assorted, valuable—a Hamburg drayman with an assorted cargo, valuable. They expect the first and last have found their way to the port of Mayaguez, in a position to be captured, and run the risk of being taken on shore on one of the islands; and when the crew were wounded, the crew made prisoners, with whom the crew had been sent to Mayaguez. They have information about the American schooner yesterday they passed Aguadilla on their way to Juan. The head and hand of the American were displayed at Mayaguez, on a pole, for one less. The six are all young Spaniard island, and their captain an inhabitant of the gulf, in good circumstances. A decision been sent also, to Rincon to search for the schooner, they found six fellows and a crew of coffee, and 20 bales flour, which the mind of one of the gang, five having escaped. This is the news I can give you.”

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